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EL PASO IS TO BE PURIFIED SOON

National Purity Workers Are Coming to the Southwest.

El Paso is to be purified. The American Purity federation is to do it. A tour of the west by E. S. Steadwell, president of the federation and leader of the purity workers, is to be made during September. The start is to be made from Chicago and El Paso is on the list of cities that are to be visited by the purity folks.

The plan of visiting the larger cities of the country in an effort to create sentiment in favor of the movement to suppress vice and especially to fight the white slave traffic, originated with president Steadwell.

Instead of holding a convention this year the federation decided to make the trip and to have 20 famous speakers and lecturers on the subject of civic purity accompany the party and deliver addresses in each of the cities to be visited.

The list of cities to be visited, including El Paso is as follows:

Minneapolis, Winnipeg, Regina, Calgary, Vancouver, Spokane, Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, San Francisco, San Jose, Los Angeles, Tucson, El Paso, Houston, New Orleans, Memphis, St. Louis, and Chicago, where the tour will end.

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EL PASO

By Rex Beach

The Silver Horde

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Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

Boys Emerson and "Fingerless" Fraser enter Kalvik, Alaska, and meet a young white woman, Cherry Malotte, who shelters them.

Cherry describes the salmon fisheries and Marsh, the unscrupulous head of the Kalvik cannery.

Cherry owns a cannery store, Emerson, George Balt and she go into partnership. Emerson describes his failure to "make good" in Alaska.

(Continued From Yesterday.)

CHAPTER IV.

DURING the evening Emerson left the two other men in the store, and, seeking Cherry out in the little parlor, asked her to play for him. Again the blending of their voices brought them closer, his aloofness wore off, and he became an agreeable, accomplished companion whose merry wit and boyish sympathy stirred emotions in the girl that threatened her peace of mind. It was their last hour together before embarking on his perilous journey in search of the golden fleece, and his starved affections clamored for sympathy, while the iron in his blood felt the magnetic propinquity of sex. For her part, she lay awake far into the morning hours, now blissfully floating on the current of half formed desires, now vaguely fearing some dread that clutched her.

The goodbyes were brief and commonplace. There was time for nothing more, for the dogs were straining to be off and the December air bit fiercely. But Cherry called Emerson aside and in a rather tremulous voice begged him again to consider well this enterprise before finally committing himself to it. "If this were any other country, if there were any law up here or any certainty of getting a square deal I'd never say a word; I'd urge you to go the limit. But—"

He was about to laugh off her fears, as he had done before, when the plaintive wrinkle between her brows and



"GOODBYE! THAT'S MY ANSWER."

the forlorn droop of her lips stayed him. Without thought of consequences and prompted largely by his leaping spirits, he stooped and, before she could divine his purpose, kissed her.

"Goodbye," he laughed, with dancing eyes. "That's my answer!" And the next second he was at the sled. The dogs leaped at his shout, and the cavalcade was in motion.

But the girl stood without sound or gesture, bareheaded under the wintry sky, a startled, wondering light in her eyes which did not fade until the men were lost to view far up the river trail. Then she breathed deeply and turned into the house, oblivious to Constantine and the young squaw, who held the sick baby up for her inspection.

The hazards of winter travel in the north are manifold at best, but the country which Emerson and his companions had to traverse was particularly perilous owing to the fact that their course led them over the backbone of the great Alaskan range, that desolate, skyscraping rampart which interposes itself between the hate of the arctic seas and the tossing wilderness of the north Pacific.

A week of hard travel found the party camped in the last fringe of cottonwood that fronted the glacial slopes, their number augmented now by a native from a Russian village with an unpronounceable name, who, at the price of an extortionate bribe, had agreed to pilot them through. For three days they lay idle, the taut walls of their tent thrumming to an incessant fusillade of ice particles that whirled down ahead of the blast, while

Emerson fumed to be gone. The fourth morning broke still and quiet, but after a careful scrutiny of the peaks the Indian shook his head and spoke to Balt, who nodded in agreement.

"What's the matter?" growled Emerson. "Why don't we get under way?" But the other replied:

"Not today. Them tips are smoking, see!" He indicated certain gauzy streamers that floated like vapor from the highest pinnacles. "That's snow, dry snow, and it shows that the wind is blowing up there. We darsent tackle it."

"Do you mean we must lie here waiting for an absolutely calm day?"

"Exactly."

"Why, it may be a week!"

"It may be two of them; then, again, it may be all right tomorrow."

"Nonsense! That breeze won't hurt anybody."

"Breeze!" Balt laughed. "It's more like a tornado up yonder. No; we've just got to take it easy till the right moment comes and then make a dash. It's thirty miles to the nearest stick of timber, and once you get into the pass you can't stop till you're through."

The next dawn showed the mountain peaks lined like clean cut ivory against the steel blue sky, and as they crept up through the deluges the air was so motionless that the smoke of their pipes hung about their heads, while the creak of their soles upon the dry surface of the snow roused echoes from the walls on either side. At first their progress was rapid, but in time the drifts grew deeper and they came to bluffs where they were forced to notch footholds, unpack their load and relay it to the top, then free the dogs and haul the sled up with a rope hand over hand.

It was early in the afternoon when the Indian stopped and began testing the air.

"Feels like wind," said Balt, with a shake of his head. The native began to chatter excitedly, and as they stood there a chill draft fanned their cheeks. Little wisps of snow vapor began to dance upon the ridges, whisking out of sight as suddenly as they appeared. They became conscious of a sudden fall in the temperature and they knew that the cold of interstellar space dwelt in that ghostly breath which snote them. Before they were well aware of the ominous significance of these signs the storm was upon them, sweeping through the chute wherein they stood with rapidly increasing violence. The terrible unseen hand of the frozen north had unleashed its brood of furies, and the air rang with their hideous cries.

There was no question of facing the wind, for it was more cruel than the fierce breath of an open furnace searing the flesh like a flame.

All the morning the air had hung in perfect poise, but some change of temperature away out over one of the rival oceans had upset the aerostatic balance, and the wind tore through this gap like the torrent below a broken reservoir.

Balt came close to Emerson and belated into his ear:

"What shall we do? Roll up in the bedding or run for it?"

"How far is it to timber?"

"Twelve or fifteen miles."

"Let's run for it! We're out of grub, anyhow, and this may last for days."

There was no use of trying to secure additional clothing from the supply in the sled, so they abandoned their outfit and allowed themselves to be driven ahead of the storm, trusting to the native's sense of direction and keeping close together. The dogs were already well drifted over and refused to stir.

Once they had gone a stone's throw from the sled there was no turning back, and although the wind was behind them, progress was difficult, for they came upon chasms which they had to avoid; they crossed slippery slopes where the storm had bared the hard crust and which their feet refused to grip. In such places they had to creep on hands and knees, calling to one another for guidance. They were numbed, blinded, choked by the rage of the blizzard; their faces grew stiff and their lungs froze. At times they fell and were skidded along ahead of the blasts. This forced them to crawl back again, for they dared not lose their course.

Much has been written concerning the red man's physical powers of endurance, but as a rule no Indian is the equal of his white brother, due as much perhaps to lack of mental force as to generations of insufficient clothing and inanition, so it was not surprising that as the long afternoon dragged to a close the Aleut guide began to weaken.

Darkness found them staggering on, supporting him wherever possible. At length he became unable to guide them farther, and Balt, who had once made the trip, took his place, while the others dragged the poor creature along at the cost of their precious strength.

They had long since lost all track of time and place, trusting blindly to a downward course. The hurricane still harried them with unabated fury, when all at once they came to another bluff where the ground fell away abruptly. Without waiting to investigate whether the slope terminated in a drift or a precipice, they flung themselves over. Down they floundered, the two half sensible men tangled together as if in a race for total oblivion, only to plunge through a thicket of willow tops that whipped and stung them. On they went, now vastly heartened, over another ridge, down another declivity, and then into a grove of spruce timber, where the air suddenly stilled, and only the treetops told of the rushing wind above.

It was well nigh an hour before Balt and Emerson succeeded in starting a fire, for it was desperate work groping for dry branches, and they themselves were on the verge of collapse before the timid blaze finally showed the two more unfortunate ones huddled together.

Cherry had given Emerson a flask of liquor before starting, and this he now divided between Fraser and the guide, having wisely refused it to them until shelter was secured. Then he melted snow in Balt's tin cup and poured pints of hot water into the pair until the adventurer began to rally, but the Aleut was too far gone, and an hour before the laggard dawn came he died.

The day was well spent when they struggled into Katmai and plodded up to a half rotted log store. A globular quarter breed Russian trader took them in and administered to their most crying needs.

As soon as Emerson was able to talk he inquired concerning the mail boat.

"She called here three days ago, bound west," said the trader.

"That's all right. She'll be back in about a week, eh?"

"She won't stop coming back."

"What!" Emerson felt himself sickening.

"No; she won't call here till next month, and then if it's storming she'll go on to the westward and land on her way back."

"How long will that be?"

"Maybe seven or eight weeks."

In his weakened condition the young man groped for the counter to support himself. So the storm's delay at the foot of the pass had undone him! Fate, in the guise of winter, had unfurled those floating snow banners from the mountain peaks to thwart him once more!

Out of consideration for his companions Emerson did not acquaint them with the evil tidings until the next morning; moreover, he was swallowed up in black despair and had no heart left in him for any further exertion. He had allowed the Russian to show him to a bed, upon which he flung himself, half dressed, while the others followed suit.

(To Be Continued.)

MINING AND OIL NEWS.

EL PASOANS SECURE COPPER PROPERTIES

Sierra Rica International Properties Are Rich in Copper Ore.

James W. Magoffin and Louis N. Hall of El Paso have acquired title to a group of properties in the Sierra Rica district from the Mexican government, consisting of the Terrazas, Ahumada, Morelos, the Pajaro Azul, El Negro, Ferguson, and Santa Maria, with a total area of 422 acres.

"We have denounced and shall soon have title from the Mexican government to six other adjoining properties containing 182.97 acres," said Mr. Magoffin, "which will make our total holdings in the Sierra Ricas 604.97 acres. We also hold one full sized claim on the American side of the international line, adjoining the Santa Maria mine on the west."

The location of our properties is unique, as we have our camp and living houses, stores, etc., on either side of the international line, and operate the mines on both sides from the same camp. The low level country from the mines to Victoria station on the El Paso & Southern railroad facilitates the construction of a standard gauge spur at a small cost, whenever development of the mines shall warrant it.

The mountain is composed of lime-stones and intrusive igneous rocks, forming mineralized contacts.

General Mineralization.

"There is a general mineralization along the porphyritic and lime contacts. These dike cuts through the Terrazas and Ahumada properties with a regular strike northeast and southwest, where it meets a cross dike and is faulted. This fault-line plane shows a length of about 311 feet. The most important showings occur on the Terrazas, the Ahumada and Morelos claims, although ore occurrences are frequent along the general mineralization through the entire contact zone.

The lime, the porphyrites and the granite-porphyrates, together with the hematite iron blow-outs, are identical with the Clifton, Bisbee and other Arizona copper formations, and are characterized by great replacement ore bodies in the limestone.

Ore Occurrences.

"The ore occurrences on the Morelos claim are indicated by the heavy gossan croppings and hematite blow-outs at



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announcement was made by Dr. Sawyer. Development work is being prosecuted by a tunnel and a shaft. The owners will organize a company.

THE SAN PEDRO MINES ARE BIG PRODUCERS

The San Pedro mines of the Compania Minera de Nalca, in the Nalca district, state of Chihuahua, Mex., are said to have produced up to the present time, 134,420 tons of ore which were marketed at the smelters for \$5,447,574.53 (Mex.), and from the proceeds there have been paid 237 dividends, totaling \$3,262,800 (Mex.). The company is still said to be putting aside \$200,000 (Mex.) every month toward a fund of \$1,000,000 (Mex.) to build its own smelter at Concho, a station on the National railways.

WEST COAST SMELTING TO BUILD BIG SMELTER

"The West Coast Smelting & Refining company, says W. B. Duvall, general manager, will begin the erection of the proposed smelter and concentrator after the close of the rainy season in the fall. A 1000-ton concentrator is to be built in units of 200 tons each; also a 300 ton smelter.

The mines of the company are 48 miles west of Carls, a station on the Sonora railroad, state of Sonora, Mex.

LOS ANGELES SYNDICATE BUYS JALISCO MINES

A syndicate of Los Angeles capitalists has purchased the famous Bolanos silver mines at Bolanos, in the eighth canton of Jalisco, Mexico, and will reopen the old workings and probably erect a mill. The purchase price is said to run into the hundreds of thousands. F. O. Oldfield is responsible for the deal.

NEW GUADALUPE MANAGER.

David E. Gemmel, of Los Angeles, Calif., is the new manager of the Rosario mine at Guadalupe y Calvo, Chihuahua, Mex., for the West Mexico Mines company of London. A 200-ton reduction plant will be built at once.

CUPID'S RECORD IS BESTED IN EL PASO

Young Woman Travels from Newfoundland to This City to Marry.

From the cold winds of the Newfoundland to sunny Mexico is the chase little Daniel Cupid is leading Miss Lillian A. Fogwell, the daughter of S. Fogwell, cashier of Harvey & Co., one of the largest commercial concerns in the dominion.

After traveling 12 days by boat and rail from St. Johns, Newfoundland, Miss Fogwell arrived in El Paso Monday afternoon on the Golden State limited. She was met here by Peter Williams, her fiancé, who is assistant pay clerk of the Madera Lumber company at Madera, Mex., Monday evening at 8 o'clock, the man from Mexico and the maid from the

the west and southwest base of the Morelos hill. This gossan at the surface is greatly decomposed and leached, but shows a width along the contact of from 250 to 300 feet, the length of the same being problematical, as it dips under the line on the southeast side of the Morelos properties.

"Several small workings have been made on the Morelos property, one small shaft being 68 feet deep, and being sunk entirely into the iron gossan which carries a heavy lime gangue and shows a small percent of copper throughout its entire depth, and averages 1.4 percent copper. The bottom of this shaft shows that it has not penetrated through the leached zone into the zone of secondary enrichment.

"About 150 feet northeast of the shaft mentioned, another two-compartment shaft has been started, now down 36 feet, with the intention of striking the contact on its dip, which it is estimated will be 200 to 300 feet down. A tunnel on the southeast side of the Morelos hill shows iron pyrites.

"Along the west side of the hill is heavy quartzite, and along this ore blossoms occur its entire length. Here also occur surface sulphides, showing chalcopirite and bornite copper ore.

Iron Dikes Show Well.

"On the extreme northeast of the Morelos property is another iron dike, an average sample of which taken for a width of 20 feet, assayed 1.2 percent copper.

"On the east side of the quartzite in contact with the iron dike an ore blossom is found. An average sample taken at this point for a width of 14 feet assayed 4.34 percent copper, eight ounces silver and \$1.19 in gold.

"The ore occurrences on the Terrazas and Ahumada are similar to the Morelos, and although the outcrops of gossan are not so massive, yet they show more ore blossoms on the surface.

"On the east side of the big fault, in an incline 20 feet deep, an average sample from a width of seven and a half feet assayed 7.5 percent copper, 16 ounces silver and \$1.80 gold.

"Mr. Hall and I have spent over \$7000, and organized a holding company with only 100 shares, in conformity with the laws of Mexico. The name of this company is the Ontario Copper & Development company. Our intention is to open it up to sufficient depth to demonstrate that it will pay."

AMERICANS DENOUNCE MINE NEAR PARRAL CAMP

Dr. P. G. Sawyer, A. S. H. J. A. Johnson and H. C. Mundy, all of Chihuahua, have acquired title to a copper property in the mountains southwest of Parral, Mex., in which ores, found within 10 feet of the surface, assayed 15 to 60 percent copper per ton. A shipment made to Parral gave the results of 38 percent copper, 10 gold and eight ounces silver per ton. The location covers 75 pertenencias and the de-

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